

# *The* HIGHER LAW

: : DECEMBER, 1900 : :

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# *The* HIGHER LAW.

A Monthly Periodical of Advanced Ideals.

Conducted by HORATIO W. DRESSER

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The key-note of *THE HIGHER LAW* is the freedom of the soul. It is not the organ of any sect or school, but is devoted to advanced ideals on all practical subjects, notably ideals of education, physical development, home life, and the moral training of children; individuality; self-knowledge; self-control; the meaning of suffering; and the spiritual life.

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# *The Higher Law*

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## THE OBSERVER.

**S**OME moods of ours go forth, like mail-clad knights, to fight in a goodly fray. Others perish the instant they are born. This one neither fights nor perishes, but abides patiently ever, looking forth wonderingly upon the great round world. My name is The Observer. I am a student of all the haunts and ways of men. I dwell where many labor while I serenely meditate. But, while my fellows toil and toil, never heard of by the world outside, I am privileged to make my existence known in gentle silence and, I hope, with seemly modesty.

Thou who listeneth to the meditations of my heart, forgive me if I labor not. Not mine to build cathedrals or rear great monuments of stone. Not mine to harangue in the busy marts of trade. They who labor do what they can. I who observe do what I must. Theirs is their way: this is mine. Listen, then, not as if I ought to speak as some ablative absolute might speak, or some cataloguer of the bones of the ancient crustacean. I must be myself, and you must either tolerate me or turn wearily aside. Even the sloth is wise if it holds its place.

My place,—have you ever thought how fair a world it is? I sit behind a pair of eyes, and gaze forth the live-long day upon the surging world. Or, if it please me, I draw the curtain, and enter within a realm so deep, so wide, so high,



that never has thought or desire or prayer of mine touched its limit. Be it pain or pleasure that cometh, it matters naught to me. Whate'er betide, whoe'er labors or ceases to labor, 'tis I who look and listen, undisturbed, untouched in my stronghold, though all the world wax wroth. I alone, of all that lives, abide in eternity, never in time; and a moment is as good as a century, for I have never yet found a moment so poor that I could exhaust its wealth.

Some day, if all is favorable, I will tell you my history. But now I wish you to hear some of the observations I have made on human life.

Sometimes, as I have sat half-dreamingly watching the play of the great stream of consciousness lapping the shores of thought, I have noticed a vigorous little desire looming up in the distance, its white sails filled with a sturdy wind. As it passed my observation point and bore away toward the distant shore, now growing dim in the twilight, I have noted that it was labelled thus: "I must awaken the entire household at five o'clock tomorrow morning." Slowly as it has disappeared from sight, and sleep has come upon me, I have wondered if that frail bark could weather the gales of night. But, as sure as the rising of the sun, I would hear the household stirring at the appointed hour; for, you know, I always awake with the earliest, and take up my position at my post.

Again, desires have sailed by marked with ethical emphasis; and I have noted that in due time all the underlings began to give heed, to obey the word sent forth many days or weeks before.

Now, here is something which puzzles me. Since a desire once launched is carried forward to its destined port, taking its own pace, why is it that

so many owners of desires interfere with them by blowing up all sorts of cross seas of anxiety and impatience? Such conduct seems to me exceedingly foolish, for I have observed that when the sea is calm these tiny craft sail easily and directly by, straight on as if no force could stop them. Why, I ask myself again and again, as I sit here in undisturbed contemplation, why should a man get behind and try to push when he has planted a seed? Why should he expect it to become an oak by "claiming" it to be such?

For many years I have been studying the currents which sweep past my point, and I have learned that they sweep forward with a gentle rise and fall. Why I know not, for you know I am only an observer, and do not know until a thing is revealed. But I know it to be a fact; and I know that this rhythmic waving gives forth a gentle melody, voices itself in verse, or finds expression in graceful outline and soft color, according to the state of the recipient. My theory is that these pulse-beats are the regular risings and fallings of the ultimate life of things. It seems to me that these rhythmic movements must extend throughout the length and breadth and depth of what some of my fellow-moods call infinity,—that these are the life-beats of harmony, beauty, love. You who listen may think me an idle dreamer, but such, at any rate, are my dreams. Therefore I ask, Why do not all men study this fine rhythmic sequence of things by which the acorn becomes the oak, the infant the man, the ideal its realization, and adjust their lives to it instead of trying to force things to come their way?

I have never yet seen a cross-current that either impeded or quickened this rhythmic flow, although

many *seemed* to divert the central stream. But, oh ! the feverish attempts I have witnessed, powerless to tell how foolish they were.

Ah, well ! people will learn some time ; and I will tell you how it will come about,—when each man listens to the observer perched high within his head. For these poetic waves have told me many secrets, and I know that there are many observers besides myself.

But the hour has struck when I must cease for to-day. You know by this time that I never try to prolong my preachments. Some day I may speak to you again. If the day comes, very well. If it come not again, very well. I know not what cometh, save that no ill cometh. For boundless variety exists in my world. Though I sit motionless, I never tire. Though I must ever contemplate from early morn until the last sail disappears in the twilight of consciousness, and my owner falls into dreamless rest, I am never weary of occupation ; for the life stream ever changeth, changeth, and, pulsing ever onward, bears a fresh surprise to my ever-delighted vision.

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GREAT thoughts are always new. As we advance through life, we gain capacity, insight, illumination. Shakspeare is not the same Shakspeare to us at forty which he was at twenty : the fulness of his riches is doubled, at sixty it is trebled. So it is with the ages of the world. The surface truth which contemporaries saw in Dante, in Bruno, in Fénelon, in Chaucer, in George Herbert, appears to us but evidence of mines of wealth, which we may inherit and enjoy.—*E. V. E.*



## TALKS TO A CHILD.

## I.

BY JEAN PAUL DRESSER.

**L**ITTLE one, what a joy it is to live! Perhaps you sometimes wonder whether you really are alive, or whether any one but you really lives, or whether it may not be all a dream, this that seems to be life. But your little heart keeps on beating just the same, does it not? There is no mistake there, and you know that you think and wonder.

What a privilege it is even to breathe! What a privilege to have sunshine, fresh breezes, and friends, to see flowers and birds! Have you stopped to think that we ought to be always radiant with gratitude and happiness because we are here in the world, because we can love, and do acts of kindness to one another?

You know that now and then men find a very faithful spring. Though there be no rain during many long weeks, months even, the spring yet gives forth a steady stream, cool and pure. Now, what is it that loves deep within you? Does it not remind you of such a spring, because it is good and cannot fail? I speak of the source of your love, the thing that prompts you to be good-natured and thoughtful.

Look out the window into the city street. Perhaps a cab horse stands on the corner, anxiously awaiting his dinner. Presently the driver approaches with a bag of oats, and the horse neighs. That is his way of expressing gratitude. We say that the animal has intelligence. He has feelings, too, and you know what some of his feelings are:

you feel with him. Whence come his feelings, this intelligence of the animal? Life is wonderful, is it not?

Or perhaps you are in the country, and you hop and skip across an open field. The grass is brown, the ground beneath your feet is frozen hard. Yet in that very ground, even in that brown carpet of dry grass and leaves, I know you feel a thrill of life, a throb of joyous life.

“Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers.”

What happens every spring?

“And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.”

Near by stands a mighty oak-tree. The last leaf has dropped to the ground. Yet how glorious is its strength! Life is there. The same mysterious life is everywhere,—in every breath you draw, in every breeze, in every twig. Maybe life is asleep in the twig now, but it is there none the less. Just think, the pine-tree, the fir, and the spruce stay awake all winter. But, possibly, they do sleep at night, when we are not there to watch. Who knows?

“The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree.  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.”

Just as truly as you love father, mother, play-mates, I know that you feel kindly toward birds and flowers and trees and horses and dogs; for are not we and they members of one great family? You feel more than kindly. I am sure you have



sympathy for them all. That is, *you* feel *with* them and *for* them. Am I not right?

What causes that sympathy? Let me tell you. Some time you will make a great discovery. You will find that the spring of love in you is a part of the life and strength and beauty that is everywhere. What a grand thought it is, little one, that your own self, your own life and love, are the same as the life and love of the "great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world"! Do you know what this great love is that fills and holds all the children and all the grown-up people and all the animals and plants? God is the life of all.

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MY conclusion is that we must listen to the voice of God in the silence of our souls, and pronounce for or against ourselves whatever this pure light may reveal to us at the moment when we endeavor to know ourselves. We must often silently listen to this teacher within, who will make known all truth to us, and who, if we are faithful in attending to him, will often lead us to silence. When we hear this secret small voice within, which is the soul of our soul, it is a proof that self should be silent, that it may listen to it. This voice is not a stranger there. God is in our souls, as our souls are in our bodies. This is not a miraculous inspiration, which exposes us to illusion and fanaticism. It is only a profound peace of the soul that yields itself up to the spirit of God, believing his revealed word, and practising his commands as declared in the Gospel.—*Fénelon*.

## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

SHE made no pretensions, this friend of mine. It would have been difficult at any time to classify her, for she easily shifted about from one church to another or from group to group of associates. My friends and I often tried to convince her of the value of some new doctrine; but years passed, and found her as little inclined as ever to give heed. Although a "rover," she always preferred to be led by some stranger to the little group of people with whom I mingled. It would have been difficult, in fact, to find any one more exasperating than she, if judged from the point of view of doctrine.

Meanwhile we all made progress, my comrades and I, priding ourselves on the superiority of our new ideas. And thus it came about that this friend and I grew farther and farther apart.

Yet if trouble came to the family, if any one was needed to nurse a sick sister or cousin, and in times of sorrow, she it was who came first of all, she it was whose tender sympathy wrought what none of our theories could accomplish. We who had advocated moderation and equanimity flew off our centres as if shaken by an earthquake. She who never uttered the word "poise" was unfailingly calm and serene. We who had pointed out the folly of fear easily became a prey to the wildest fancies, while she whom we had supposed to be at the mercy of apprehensions innumerable revealed unflinching trust. Even our practical doctrines failed, while her common sense proved equal to every occasion.

I had always supposed that she had no abiding-place because she had not found her inner centre.

But now it fell out that just as she had come to us, in the hour of need when we knew no one else to call upon, so was she ever going about from one to another, wherever the call was strongest.

Ere we were ready to part with her, another household sought her kind ministrations. When we who had suffered so much thought we must have a long vacation, she who had labored and watched and waited much longer than we was off in a trice, with scarcely a day for rest.

And thus it happened that I began to study her life more closely, to wonder what was the secret of it all. She was almost never ill. She could bear what many a woman would find an unendurable burden. While others spoke of love and were profuse in expressions of affection, scarcely a word came from her lips which confessed the emotions of her heart. Yet how her heart must have yearned when we all went over the Western sea, as I learned from a single chance utterance! How eagerly she greeted us when we came home, with glowing accounts of travel in Southern lands,—home to her who never had time to add to her talents!

As I studied I grew wise, for I saw how futile had been all my attempts to attain through theory what came to her as a part of life, so much a part of the days and months and years that she knew not of its coming. To her, life meant to respond to the strongest call: that was all. She had no philosophy, and she needed none. Life brought to her what seemed far more than her share of hardships, and when the time came for her to summon a helping hand there was no one to come. But what a beautiful smile rested upon her features the last time I saw her! What a sweet feeling of peace abided everywhere about the place! All the wis-



dom of the world, all the attainments of great artists could not equal that priceless possession which she bore unconsciously. Others whom I have known thought and painted and wrote, but she *lived*, and by her life touched the souls—all unconsciously, for little gratitude was bestowed upon her—of all who knew her. I would give more for half the unselfishness by which her life was inspired than for all the blessings which all the churches in Christendom can give. For, while the churches work to save souls, she lived from the soul, she gave all that a human being can give; and, in giving this, she gained, I truly believe, the only genuine happiness, yes, the only lasting salvation,—the peace of the spirit.

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It is almost inexcusable to-day for any one to claim that diseases are ever cured by extrinsic means of any kind. We remove obstacles and furnish materials for the organic forces to utilize in adjusting themselves to the environment. Here our work as physicians ends and our work as teachers begins, and the latter is to become more and more important as the world becomes posted on these subjects.— *S. F. Meacham, M.D.*

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It is the physician's privilege not only, but his duty, to know something of the therapeutic power of hope, love, expectancy, aspiration, suggestion, etc., that he may by teaching auto-suggestion lead to greater self-reliance and to the cure of hundreds of cases he cannot reach in any other way, and to put off the day of death in many of the incurable, and render many of them comparatively comfortable.— *S. F. Meacham, M.D.*

THE SUFFERING OF THE  
INNOCENT.

A READER who is deeply concerned to know the meaning of evil asks our opinion in regard to the suffering of the innocent. "How can the universe be just, when degraded men are permitted to ruin the lives of virtuous young women?"

The answer to this question is necessarily tentative, and is based on an argument from analogy. In general, we know that the universe is founded on the law of cause and effect, or action and reaction. There is strong reason for believing that no activity in human life is exempt from this law. From sad experience we know that, if we put ourselves in the current of destructive forces, we must suffer the consequences. Reasoning from effect to cause, we learn that there was something in us which drew us into the dreadful vortex. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. By taking up with a thing, we render ourselves liable to all the consequences, good or bad, involved in that experience.

By the same reasoning it appears probable that the innocent victim possessed a power of attraction which led her into the unfortunate circumstances. The victim might not have been consciously to blame. The victimizer may have been conscious of every step which led to the undoing. Yet it still appears probable that there was a channel left open, a point of contact.

"Yes," admits the critic, "but the charm may have been one of those enviable characteristics which makes the naively innocent so attractive.

How can you justify the wrong when it may have been the victim's most lovable side which exerted the spell?"

Only by analogy. We know from painful experience that it is some weak point which involves us in such contests. It is the power of which we are unconscious that makes our development possible. If we knew what we were being drawn into, we should shrink. But, once having passed through the fiery furnace, men and women unanimously declare that they prefer knowledge to innocence. On all sides one hears them saying, "I would not go through that experience again for all the money in the world, but nothing would induce me to part with the knowledge gained."

It is the way of life: that is all we can say. The universe is so organized that man learns, through experience, who he is, why he is here, and what he can do. Such knowledge does not come by revelation. It is difficult to see how it would be knowledge if we were born with it. The only way to know is to do, and if man would know much he must have a rich experience.

The man of experience tacitly, if not explicitly, confesses that the game is worth while. The stakes are heavy, the losses more than one can seem to bear at the time. But the external loss is very often the internal gain; and, apparently, the universe values soul development above anything which pertains to the physical life.

Reasoning from the point of view of compensation, or the gain in soul life, it seems probable that compensation will come in due course, even for the innocently wronged. It may not come in this phase of life. But the moral law demands a future life. Our whole argument for justice fails unless



there is to be a compensating future. It is our faith, then,—not yet our knowledge,—our faith that the future holds sufficient compensation.

By the same law it follows that the wrong-doer will be punished, though it require a thousand years.

“But where are the compensations for the sinner?” the critic insists. “Surely a time will never come when the criminal will be glad that he wronged another?”

Doubtless not. Evil is always evil. It does not become good, however great the moral development incident to it. It is always wrong to betray, always a crime to murder. Nothing can make these deeds right. Remorse is sure to come. Probably the memory of such deeds lives to torment the wrong-doer for many decades.

At the same time it is conceivable that by this remorse the criminal may be led into knowledge of the law. He may, and we trust that he will, become one of the most zealous of righteous men.

Furthermore, it is well to remember how hard it is to attach absolute blame. Crime is in many cases due to disease. Many a man is a fiend because he is driven by burning forces which he knows not how to control. Before you can justly call him wholly blameworthy, you must know that he is wholly enlightened. Inform him concerning the higher ideals of life, teach him the art of self-control, explain the laws of cause and effect and compensation, then see if he remains a criminal.

Part of the blame is thrown back upon the universe. The Maker of all has seen fit to order life so that men shall struggle up the steep slope of evolution from animalism to manhood. We must take things as we find them, and try to justify

them in the light of this great fact,—that man is an animal on the road.

Man is an ethical being. He has a conscience, and, ideally speaking, ought not to commit the crime. But the ethical life becomes possible only when a certain level has been reached. Sin is a midway experience, committed while man is emerging from non-moral animal life into ethical human life. In this stage man is not fully enlightened in regard to the moral law and the law of action and reaction. He is not self-controlled. If he were, he would not commit the crime.

The above is no excuse for sin. It does not follow that, because wrong-doing may bring development, therefore we may sin. We may be free to try the experiment, but we shall suffer, and deserve to suffer, a dreadful penalty. Our theory is simply an attempt to account for sin on the supposition that the universe is at heart moral. It is equivalent to saying that, because man is to be good, he must first know what it is to be bad, since his goodness must be wise goodness. The universe is so good that it tolerates evil, and hence is the richer in the end. But it is also so good that, however powerful and widespread the evil, the evil can be overcome and turned to good account. Evil is still, if you please, a blot upon the universe. The fact that evil has existed will always be undeniable and, in itself, ugly. But, side by side with this ugliness, the innocent and the criminal shall stand, beautified by life's moral contests, the more beautiful because of the striking contrast.

## THE POWER OF MIND.

**I**N a New Orleans contemporary there recently appeared the following: "Some of the medical faculty have yet to learn that the moral treatment of yellow fever is vastly more important than the administration of drugs. All who have had experience in that terrible disease must have recognized the fact that the condition of the minds of patients weighs heavily for or against recovery. In one epidemic on shipboard — about one hundred victims to the disease — the writer made close observations on this point, which satisfied him that he who takes yellow fever and keeps up hope and courage is pretty certain to recover; while, on the other hand, he who is terrorized and feels hopeless is quite sure to succumb to the malady. This influence of the mind is well illustrated by two cases which occurred during that epidemic. One was a corporal of marines, the other the chief engineer. They were men of about the same age, and appeared to be equally strong and enduring. The chief had a comparatively light attack, while the corporal had a most severe one. The former, being a ward-room officer, was, of course, the most fortunate in the way of quarters and nursing. The hammock of the latter swung in the fore-castle. He was a stubborn, hard-headed fellow, and absolutely refused to take medicine at any time during the course of the disease, and for several days he as stoutly resisted all food. He covered himself up with several blankets, and insisted that he be 'let entirely alone.' Occasionally he would ask a mate for a cup of water, but beyond that he would accept nothing in the way of nursing. He said he did not want to die, and he wouldn't. Nor did he. He



literally fought death, and came off the victor. So severe was his attack, any one with less courage and stubborn determination to get well must have died. The engineer was terribly frightened from the first, and gave way to despondency. There was no cheering him up, and eventually he died,—killed by fear rather than by disease.”

The following is taken from a Chicago paper : “A most wonderful recovery from what appeared to be immediate dissolution is reported from No. 273 West Twelfth Street, a grocery owned and occupied by Mrs. Lydia A. Sherwood. For some time this lady has been bedridden with what she supposed to be quick consumption; and a few days ago, thinking her end near at hand, she called her book-keeper, James Milligan, saying she wanted him to draw up her will. To all appearances, Milligan faithfully complied with the request; and the old lady turned over with a sigh of relief, feeling that now she was prepared to make her exit. The end did not come, however. On the contrary, the patient seemed to feel much better. Yesterday she called for her will, wishing to examine it personally. Imagine her surprise when informed by Milligan that the paper he had drawn up was not a will, but, on the contrary, was a bill of sale in which she had conveyed all her property, real and personal, to him, and he could show her signature to it, which she dare not deny. Further than that, continued the clerk, Mrs. Sherwood was not even lying on her bed, but his, and it was only through sufferance that he allowed her to remain. This daring plot, brazenly confessed by the man whom she implicitly trusted, so worked upon her feelings that she arose, dressed herself, and hastily went to the residence of a young niece, to whom she im-

parted the trick which had been played upon her. Her niece became equally indignant, and swore out a warrant for Milligan's arrest, which occurred later in the evening. Mrs. Sherwood says she never felt better in her life than at present."

"The most striking case of my life," said an old physician, according to a report in the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, "was that of a woman who had not left her bed for several years. She ate well, she slept well, her pulse was reasonably regular. But every few days she would send for me in great haste, and I would go and make a slight change in the bread pills on which I was keeping her. Finally I got tired and decided to try heroic treatment. So, after hearing her story, I began to laugh heartily. I looked at her, and then I would begin again. I kept this up for a considerable time, and she kept getting more and more angry. She wanted to know what was the matter. I told her that I was laughing at her. The idea was so ridiculous to me that she should lie there day after day and pretend to be sick. 'Why,' said I, 'there is nothing in the world the matter with you but laziness.' I called her everything I could think of in this line. Finally she became so angered that she sat up in bed. I kept on. She finally reached for her shoe and threw it at me, ordering me to get out of the house. I pretended to get angry at that, but kept on with my abuse. Then she jumped up, and, seizing the broom, she drove me out of doors. She had not been on her feet before for years, and, of course, was somewhat weak; but she was able to walk, and she needed some such effort as this to arouse her. She was a well woman from that moment. She never took to her bed again. Can you tell

anything more wonderful than that connected with faith cures?"

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### LET ME LIVE.

THE saints have learned to suffer here and strive  
With sacrifice and pain. No saint am I;  
This earth is beautiful, I am alive:  
Oh, let me fully live before I die!

I would rejoice in radiance of each hour,  
Nor wait to pass the portals of the sky;  
I feel the breath of Love, the sense of power:  
Oh, let me fully live before I die!

To vibrate joyously in every part,  
Mingle with music of life's ecstasy,  
This is the passion of my human heart:  
Oh, let me fully live before I die.

— Katharine Coolidge.

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SEVEN or eight years ago a lady who was condemned by the doctors to die within six months — her trouble was consumption — asked herself how she could do the most good for humanity during the few months that remained. It occurred to her that her best field of work was in the slums. Accordingly she obtained the use of a desirably located house in one of our largest cities, secured a few helpers, and began her new work. The work grew, and became more and more absorbing, until it is to-day one of our leading social settlements; while its founder promises to be for many years to come its most active worker. In this absorbing work for humanity she very soon had no further need of a physician. This instance from real life is a striking example of the greatest of all laws of cure.



## A PERSONAL LETTER.

DEAR troubled heart, I long to speak to thee as only the closest friend may speak, and I claim from thee this privilege for the moment, since I know so well what thy struggles mean. I, too, have passed between the crags which now hang over thee. I, too, have questioned whether I could pass safely by. But at the most trying moment a helping hand was sympathetically extended to me, and I believe that I can help you as once a friend helped me.

I understand why life is so burdensome just now. The conditions are very exasperating, and you have much to bear. But you are not entirely to blame. You are inclined to "go back on yourself," as the saying is, when in truth you are doing far better than you know. You have more ability than you suspect. Think for a moment what you have overcome. Remember how grievous was the inheritance and how severely you were handicapped. Many of the most troublesome tendencies have already been conquered, and you have much to be thankful for. Soon you will reap the benefit of your exertions. Just now you are in a transition state, where you cannot see clearly. Moreover, your physical condition is such that your entire state of mind is affected by it, and sometimes when you condemn yourself it is only the physical state which is at fault.

You stand at the parting of the ways. Hitherto you have lived largely for self. You have been very personal, more so than you yet realize. You have been quick to take offence, ever ready to defend yourself, inclined to lay the balance of blame upon others. You have been unhappy,

pessimistic, and — shall I say the word? — selfish. Accordingly you have reaped as you sowed, and the world has seemed a terrible testing-ground.

Now, all this is changing. You are disgusted with yourself, you know not which way to turn in your distress. But, remember, it is what you have been that disgusts you, not what you are to be. The fact that you are dissatisfied proves that a better self is triumphing. Cling to that better self and let the old self die. Or, rather, know that in so far as you give thought to the new the power of the old will be transmuted.

In your heart of hearts you long to be unselfish: therefore think of yourself as so. In your heart of hearts you forgive people: therefore turn from all sentiments of recrimination and revenge. What if people are annoying? What if they trample upon you? Learn to tolerate them, and they will treat you far better. It is utterly foolish to answer back, it is a waste of energy to be discouraged. Respect yourself, and others will respect you. Be gentle and patient, and speak in low, tender tones, and others will gladly respond.

It is all a question of unselfishness as opposed to selfishness. All that you suffer comes directly or indirectly from selfishness. All that you long for will come when you lose self, that you may find it. Having said this, I have said all. Why should I repeat it or say more? If you see it, all is settled. If you do not, probably I cannot make it clear, for each soul must see for itself. But of this rest assured: you have my heartiest sympathy. I know how it will be with you. And so I trust. Out of my heart I speak to thee in sweet kinship. Out of my heart I give thee all that I am that can help thee, and an unwritten message will go with these words to thy soul from mine.

## EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE time has come for a frank talk with our subscribers, that all may understand the basis on which THE HIGHER LAW is issued. Like many periodicals devoted to high ideals and the pursuit of truth, THE HIGHER LAW is a "labor of love." The income from subscriptions and sales has nearly paid the cost of manufacture and mailing during the first year of its existence. We believe, however, that a periodical must at least be self-supporting in order to become permanent. The time has come, therefore, for our readers to decide whether THE HIGHER LAW has fulfilled its mission or is of sufficient value to be permanently sustained. If it has helped you, if you believe in the ideals and methods for which it stands, here is your opportunity. Probably every copy is read by at least five people, while some are read by fifteen or twenty pairs of eyes. If one or two out of each of these groups of people should subscribe for it, the periodical would be put upon a sound basis. In other words, to continue we must double our present subscription list.

If we are obliged to discontinue, all unexpired subscriptions must be refunded at direct personal loss, or arrangement made whereby these subscriptions may be completed by another magazine. The latter course would be objectionable because the methods and ideals of magazines most nearly allied to THE HIGHER LAW are somewhat different. What our ideals are our readers must know. We believe, above all, in the power of the immanent, omnipresent Spirit, constantly made known through the struggles and aspirations of humanity, the ambitions of the individual soul, the law,



beauty, and beneficence of nature. We believe in the Christ ideal, the ideal of love, service, unselfish dedication to the Father's work. We believe in self-control, poise, equanimity, the rounded-out life, wherein all sides of man's nature are understood, purified, and cultivated. We believe in a sound mind in a sound body, in the growth of both head and heart, reason and intuition. Our aim is to apply these principles to the problems of daily life, and by so doing to make life more beautiful, more joyous. We are especially eager to turn these principles to educational account, that, from the home and the kindergarten to the college and the training-school, the spiritual ideal may be paramount.

It is obvious that if we wished to make money, we should issue a very different sort of periodical. Our publication would necessarily become more personal, and we should admit advertisements calculated to take advantage of the credulity of the people. But, as we are truth-seekers, we propose to publish any fact which may benefit humanity, even though we should some time provoke unjust criticism. An illustration of misunderstandings which may thus arise is that of the warning paragraph published in our October number. One or two of our readers expressed surprise at the appearance of this paragraph. The warning was based on indubitable facts. So many have become victims of enticing advertisements, wherein it is claimed that all diseases may be absently cured by healers whom the victims have never seen, or be made the recipients of unlimited success and wealth, that the time had clearly come to cross from our exchange list all papers containing such advertisements, and so be true to the higher standard. The

new movement, known as "metaphysical" or the "higher thought," is rapidly differentiating itself into two branches. Following the lead of a commercially successful paper in the South, many writers and therapists are entering the field to make what money they can. Therapeutic and commercial suggestion will soon become as much a business as the advertising and selling of an inferior food product, the success of which is limited only by the cleverness of the advertisers and the credulity of the people.

But there is a large and constantly growing number of earnest, conscientious people, too modest to advertise, almost unknown by the world, whose work is becoming of greater and greater value as, inspired by the Christ spirit, they go forth to labor among the sick and the troubled. Among these THE HIGHER LAW has cast its lot. We are trying an experiment, with the firm conviction that in the end people will appreciate this purpose and support us, thus disproving the apparent law that, the more ideal the undertaking, the less it is supported by the public. If THE HIGHER LAW fails, we shall know that the time has not come. If it succeeds, it will be because every one who reads these words makes some effort to sustain it, because our readers have faith in the power of ideals.

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THERE is one comment that is made so persistently nowadays by higher thought people that it needs to be critically examined. We often hear it said that such a person is becoming "too intellectual," or some equivalent remark to the disparagement of the intellect. What does this derisive criticism imply?

First let us consider the results of deserting the intellect. Never have there been so many isms, ologies, and fads as at the present day. Out of one new doctrine into another is the record of mental life on the part of these despisers of the intellect. First it is an abstract system of mind cure. Then it is osteopathy, theosophy, the Vedanta, occultism, free love, Babism, etc. A certain teacher is almost worshipped for a time. Then his day wanes, and another leader ascends into power. By some, all these doctrines are classed together, and supposed to mean the same thing; and so it goes on. What is the reason? The lack of discernment. All intellectual standards having been discarded, when a teacher appeals to the emotions, he is at once accepted through and through. All the doors are open, ready for the first comer to enter and take possession. This indiscriminate receptivity has come about as a result of wide-spread acceptance of the doctrine that "all is good." The application of this precept leads its followers to accept one man as cordially as another. Its advocates are blind to schemes, frauds, and deceptions. They listen as willingly to an inferior as to a superior teacher. And logically enough, for from their point of view there is no higher and lower.

Were these ardent disciples informed in the history of thought, they would recognize in many of these crude modern doctrines an unintelligent restatement of very old philosophies. They would know that many of these beliefs were refuted long ago, and thus historical knowledge would be a safeguard.

Now all this doubtless seems very arrogant, and so it will doubtless be dismissed by some as



"too intellectual." But the discerning reader knows that it is true. He knows that even love without wisdom is blind; that no one is so quickly deceived as the one who gives play only to the emotional side.

Every faculty in man needs a balancing faculty to offset it, just as man is made complete by woman, and woman by man. The man usually knows the world better than the woman. He has met its rogues and frauds, and is able to open the eyes of woman where, because of her innocent love, she would be deceived.

Intellect in the human mind corresponds to the well-informed, protective husband who guards his more spiritual wife. The modern decriers of the intellect are assuming that woman can be all in all and does not need man, that the feminine element can even increase and multiply without him. But in the perfect union there is equality; and they who try to dispense with either man or woman, the head or the heart, must expect to suffer very severe consequences.

The difficulty is not that these modern movements are too intellectual, but that they are not intellectual enough. We live in an age of hobbies. Now that individuality is the fashion, every leader is trying to outdo the others in emphasis of peculiarities. The uninformed deem these eccentricities the results of profound original insight. And so they run after novelties.

Have you ever thought why the thinker is never converted, why you can never persuade a first-rate philosopher to join one of these new movements? It is because he sees through this pretentious individualism, and is too well informed to be deceived.

Have you ever realized that, if these new theorists were to become thinkers and reduce their doctrines to an intellectual system, if they returned credit for all borrowed ideas, they would have nothing original to say?

Yes, it is true. If you strip from these isms the peculiar terminology, the pet phrases and catch-words, you will find nothing left that is not old and borrowed. It is far easier to be vague and general than to be clear and specific. Because the topic is metaphysical, the majority of readers and listeners think that all this vagueness is somehow great and profound. And so one hears people remarking that they are not "up to" a certain book or a certain metaphysical journal, when, as matter of fact, there is nothing in either the book or the magazine.

What is the remedy? For a while give yourself almost wholly to intellectual culture until you restore the balance. Analyze terms, use words carefully, be sure of your facts, and seek new associates whose thought is keen and discriminative. When vague theories are presented to you, raise objections, be on your guard, do not be carried away by anything. Seek poise, balance. Let heart and head grow side by side. So shall you learn the true beauty of both. So shall you return to plain, common-sense doctrines, clearly and intelligibly stated.

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A CHANCE reader of our October issue returns that number heavily annotated, the burden of his complaint being the fact that we discuss problems instead of stating principles. "Why not teach truth," he asks, "truth pure and simple?"

This criticism voices a doctrine very frequently

heard nowadays. We are told that there are certain axiomatic principles which should be inculcated, letting all problems go. But what, then, becomes of the problems? Life is surely a problem with each and every one of us, each and every hour. Say what you will, the social problem is unsolved, and the thoughtful men and women of the day are asking how it shall be solved. Of what value are your "truths" if they fail to apply?

It is easy to formulate principles, easy to lay down laws. It is a delight to lecture upon them and write books about them. All goes well until some one dares to ask how these beautiful principles are to be applied. But, unfortunately for the theorists, the facts of life do not coincide. This is the great mistake so many are now making,—the inculcation of doctrines which are incapable of application to the facts of life as we find it to-day.

Recently a gentleman, in discussing these opposed points of view, chose the following illustration: "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. But suppose a mountain lies between them." The abstract theorist would, of course, hold to his axiomatic statement; but the world wants to know how to get from one side of the mountain to the other. The abstract law applies under ideal conditions, namely, if there is a straight tunnel through the mountain. But what are we to do when the ideal conditions are not found? Who is the more useful to society, the man who rigidly holds to an abstract ideal or the man who has a practical solution to offer?

Now, to return to the October HIGHER LAW, if the principle that "all men are born free and equal" has failed in human society, is it not possi-



ble that the principle is wrong? The facts show that men are born in very unequal conditions. The real problem then is: Granted inequality, how may all men be made free?

The history of thought in the nineteenth century shows that our wonderful progress is due to the rejection of principles which men had long deemed axiomatic. The doctrine of evolution has upset all men's calculations. It has convinced thinking men once for all that the only sound method of reasoning is first, What are the facts? second, What do the facts imply in the light of their evolution? Thus viewing life, we are compelled to say, no man can predict by any possible use of principles what human society shall be. It is frankly a problem, for experience shows that even the supposed perfect principle is greatly modified in actual practice. What we are to be only evolution can show. What society is to be we shall know only when society has become what evolution makes it. The profoundest principle ever enunciated holds, like the geometric statement above quoted, only under certain conditions. Change the conditions, and other laws will obtain. Very seldom in life do we find a straight tunnel awaiting us.

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A PROMINENT higher thought author writes as follows concerning our proposed plan for a college, published in the August issue: —

"I heartily approve of the plan outlined, as far as it goes. From long observation I have come to realize that much of the extravagance and crudeness of some of our mental science workers and writers comes from non-recognition of the

absolute reign of law. So I would have a carefully selected course of physics, superintended by broad-minded men and women. Then I would have a course on physiology combined with psychology, for neither science can be truly a science without the other to complement it; and mental science cannot be complete without them both.

"Benjamin Jowett says that the truest, most lasting form of philosophy is common sense idealized, or the meeting of common sense and metaphysics, well expressed by Coleridge: 'Common sense is intolerable when not based on metaphysics.' But are not metaphysics intolerable, when not based on common sense?"

"I would have our metaphysical college founded on the bed-rock of common sense. Common sense is not merely that cold practicality which often goes by that name. It is the harmonious blending of all the faculties of mind, that nice balance of reason and imagination which enables the possessor to see both sides of a thing. So we will have our students of the higher thought learn to live and teach and heal by the logic of truth in the spirit of love."

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A SUBSCRIBER furnishes the following evidence of the functioning of the subconscious mind: "I have been in one office for over ten years, as stenographer, taking the letters in shorthand and writing them out on the typewriter. The whole process has become automatic; and very often, in fact nearly always, while taking dictation, my mind is busy with something else. At such times, if the person makes a wrong statement, I know it instantly, and call his attention to it as readily as I

could, had I been giving my whole attention to what he was saying. The typewriting seems to require even less thought. Twice within the past few weeks, after I had been writing steadily for some time, I have become aware of what was being prepared in my sister's kitchen in Western Pennsylvania. The first time I seemed fairly enveloped in the odor of molasses cake; and again it was raspberries cooking,—raspberry pies, as I thought. Both times I remarked to a clerk near me that my sister was baking these things; but, when asked how I knew it was my sister, I could not tell. Very likely it was because I had become familiar with these odors while living with her. Upon writing to my sister, I found she made molasses cake at the time stated, but did not remember having thought of me in any way at the time. The raspberries she was putting in jars instead of pies; and I received a letter from her the next day,—before she had even received my letter to her,—with a postscript as follows: 'I have left this letter five times to put up raspberries, so I presume it is somewhat mixed.' I certainly was not thinking of my sister in either case, and in the first instance she was probably not thinking of me. However, sifted down, they would both undoubtedly come under the head of telepathy.

"At the time of the last international yacht races, excitement ran high in our office, many of the men being enthusiastic yachtsmen. The morning before the first race, our cashier, a young man of twenty-eight, came in, and said he had dreamed the night before of standing in front of a bulletin board and reading the name of the victorious boat and the time in minutes and seconds of the first race. The men formed a pool, and each



one gave twenty-five cents and wrote down his guess as to the winner and the time, the one coming nearest to the correct time to take the money. The cashier had so much confidence in his dream that he put it down exactly as he had dreamed of reading it. The revised time, when it came in the next day, agreed with his figures to a second."

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COMBINATION OFFERS.—Until Jan. 1, 1901, we will send "Education and the Philosophical Ideal" and THE HIGHER LAW for one year to *new subscribers only* for \$1.50. During the same period we will send "Living by the Spirit" and THE HIGHER LAW for one year to any subscriber, old or new, for \$1.25. These offers hold good only under the following conditions:—

All orders and remittances must be made directly to THE HIGHER LAW Company, 272 Congress Street, Boston. These offers will not hold good if sent through any agent or dealer.

These offers apply to the above-named books only.

Orders from England and the British colonies must be accompanied by an additional shilling, to cover extra cost of mailing THE HIGHER LAW to foreign countries.

During the above-named period we will also send THE HIGHER LAW for one year to any subscriber, old or new, and the nine volumes advertised on another page for \$9, express paid. This offer holds good only on condition that all orders be sent to THE HIGHER LAW Company. It holds good for any country.

WE commend to those of our readers who are interested in spiritual therapeutics "Psychiasis: Healing through the Soul," by C. H. Mann, Massachusetts New-Church Union, 16 Arlington Street, Boston (35 cents). The book is thoroughly sensible and sound. It points out the limitations of many therapeutic doctrines now widely held, and wholly refutes the leading tenets of Christian Science. But it lifts to the spiritual plane what is true in these doctrines, and puts this truth in a clear light.

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SOME people derive part of their intellectual stock in trade from prejudice. They continue for years to underrate and abuse other teachers, whereas a little enlightenment concerning those they condemn would undermine the entire critical structure. Prejudice springs from ignorance.

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How curious that so much stress is laid on the power of God when a great calamity occurs, or when a house is hushed in death! Has God no power except to send affliction?

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BE resolutely and faithfully what you are, be humbly what you aspire to be. Be sure you give men the best of your wares, though they be poor enough; and the gods will help you to lay up a better store for the future. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.—*Thoreau.*

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